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Burns Club ... Milwaukee, Wis.

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THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE BIRTHDAY

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

AS COMMEMORATED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN,

IN THE

CITY OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,

JANUARY 25TH, 1859.

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REPORTED FOR THE BURNS' CLUB, BY G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, ESQ.

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
An' faith he'll prent them."

MILWAUKEE:
DAILY NEWS BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1859.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

"The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo scho, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin!

He'll hae misfortunes, great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin!"

The Reporter of the BURNS' CLUB, of the City of Milwaukee, for the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birthday of ROBERT BURNS, cannot, in justice to the proceedings of that memorable occasion permit them to pass in the evanescent accounts of the newspapers without an attempt to collect them into some permanent form, to serve as an agreeable memorial of an event so full of festive pleasure and of brilliant, intellectual and social delight.

It was a Banquet, possessing moral as well as social merits, enjoyed by as noble hearted a company of Scotchmen as ever assembled together on a joyous occasion. It is for the purpose of gratifying a universally expressed desire that we have adopted this method of perpetuating the memories and the effusions of that glorious night.

It is truly said, that the sculptor can only produce form; the painter form and color; the actor, alone, form, color and motion—until the poet furnishes him thoughts and words. That the human heart opens to him, and to him only, an exclusive province, of which no art but his own can command the passions, joys, woes or aspirations.

He, who neglecting or disdaining gorgeous enhancements, terrific accessories, or the burnished phantoms of social artificiality, appeals for a universal response, successfully and alone, to the breast whose untaught hymn he measures, is in truth a Poet—a Bard of the highest order in his imperial art, and lives for ever.

We have just celebrated the Birthday of such a master of modern song. One hundred years ago, ROBERT BURNS was born, in a cottage built by the hands of his father, on the road-side, two miles from the town of Ayr. His early history is sufficiently familiar to mankind. We know how limited was his self-taught education—that his opportunities were still more narrow for acquiring it—that his genius was neither fostered nor inspired by ancient models of composition —that his knowledge of the great mass of English verse, since CHAUCER displayed its power five hundred years ago, down to his own day, was necessarily imperfect—that if he was familiar with THOMSON'S blank verse and SHENSTONE'S ballads, or if the poems of FERGUSON had reconciled him to clothe his Scottish themes in Scottish idiom—he had not seen the Ballads of Grenada, nor opened the original page of DANTE'S Inferno.

It is known that his youth and early manhood were chained to rustic labor, his intelligence known only to the narrow circle of a local debating society or to some half dozen educated persons near by. So that, when in his twenty-seventh year, from the nearest provincial press in Ayrshire, at the town of Kilmarnock, his surpassing genius flashed upon the world—the conclusion is inevitable, that the strains which have made his name revered in every civilized country, and become the glory and boast of their own, rose by their transcendent merit from obscurity to the highest fame.

We need not dwell upon the properties of the dialect he adopted for the vehicle of his finest inspirations—its flexibility

and pathos—its singular facility in rythmetical adaptation—combined with a tenderness and endearment of expression—with a peculiar earnest kindliness of utterance when spoken, give it, apart from the imposing archaisms, lost, if ever possessed, by the English tongue, many facilities for lyric composition which the latter cannot claim.

The brilliancy of wit which appears in his poems, was equally present in his conversation. After his first success, he repaired to Edinburgh, and was received by all ranks and classes as the greatest genius of the period, and considered a man that his countrymen could not admire and honor too much.

He died, at the age fatal to Byron, in his thirty-seventh year. He left behind him the enthusiastic love of his countrymen, a character exalted by its integrity and independence, and the admiration until the latest time, of all those, humble or illustrious, who can comprehend the emanations of his sovereign genius.

Early in the evening, the company began to assemble in the gorgeous Halls and Parlors of the Newhall House—a Hotel which, for its architectural magnificence, its internal splendor and accommodation, its hospitable and masterly management, has been pronounced by Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* to be second to none in the world. The gathering at this time has been pronounced, in a published account of the occasion, to be "one of the finest looking bodies of men we have ever seen." One might well have fancied himself in "Bonnie Scotland" to look around and see the Plaids, Blue Bonnets, Glengarrys, and the Thistle Badges which adorned the breast of each Member of the Club, while every countenance beamed bright with native humor and Scotch enthusiasm.

Among the characteristic observances of such an occasion, a gentleman, Mr. James Kerr, appeared in full Highland Costume, wearing the Royal Stuart Tartan, who, on entering the Hall, was received with loud applause.

At eight o'clock, a business meeting was called to order in Parlor D, for the purpose of completing the organization of a SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

Hon. WM. K. WILSON, Chairman of a Committee appointed at a previous meeting to select names for Officers, presented the following, which were unanimously elected:

President—ALEXANDER MITCHELL.
1st Vice President—ARTHUR MCARTHUR.
2d Vice President—WILLIAM GRAHAM.
Secretary—ROBERT MENZIES.
Assistant Secretary—JOHN PORTEOUS.
Treasurer—DAVID FERGUSON.
Chaplain—Rev. Dr. PYPER.
Board of Managers—JAS. MURRAY, HUGH COOPER, JOHN BAILEY, JAMES KERR and GEORGE MCNEIL.

Judge MCARTHUR, who presided, announced the result of the election, amidst great applause, and appointed a Committee, consisting of Messrs. JOHN MCEWEN and JAMES KERR, to escort the President elect to the Chair.

Mr. MITCHELL then, in well conceived and felicitous terms, returned thanks for the honor which had just been conferred upon him.

During these preliminaries, some sixty gentlemen enroled their names as Members of the Society.

Supper being announced, the company, preceded by the President and Chaplain, entered the spacious Dining Hall, which had been beautifully decorated with appropriate emblems and devices.

The walls were hung with excellent paintings and engravings, all beautifully and touchingly festooned with evergreens and flowers, conspicuous among which was the "wee, modest, crimson tipped flower." At the head of the apartment, behind the President, were tastefully and significantly entwined the national flags of Great Britain and the United States of Ame-

rica; beneath them were two fine engravings of the Poet; on each side of the President were two well executed oil paintings of the Cottage in which BURNS was born, and the Monument erected over his remains at Dumfries, painted expressly for the occasion by Mr. ANDREW KERR; and a picture of a Convivial Scene in Scotland, painted by the same artist, was suspended at the foot of the Table.

The Bill of Fare, filled with upwards of one hundred different dishes, of the rarest and choicest kinds, was such a one as the proprietors of the Newhall only know how to serve up. The *Carte a manger*, neatly and beautifully printed in bronze and colors, and much admired as a specimen of the art preservative of all arts, was designed and executed by Messrs. ANDREW C. MURISON and JAMES KERR, Job Printers at the *News* Printing Establishment.

The Table on which the Banquet was spread was ornamented with excellent models, in confectionery, of Tam o' Shanter on his grey mare Meg, with the ever famous Tam in the saddle, and the Witch grasping the grey mare's tail; the old Cottage; and the Monument on the Banks of the Doon—the handiwork of Mr. ALEX. BROWN, the *chef de cuisine* of the Newhall. There were also disposed upon the Table some Roses from the Tomb of BURNS, a piece of the "Trystin' Tree," under which he sat with his Highland Mary, and Heather from the Grampian Hills. Bouquets of Flowers were scattered in various parts of the Hall, while the Chandeliers poured a flood of light over the gorgeous spectacle.

ALEX. MITCHELL, Esq., presided at the Table, assisted by the Hon. ARTHUR MCARTHUR, Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit, as Croupier.

Before the company were seated, a blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. PYPER, Chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society.

One hundred and fifty gentlemen, among whom were several Americans, guests from various parts of the State, and Chicago, together with representatives of numerous nationalities, participated in the sumptuous feast.

One of the characteristic demonstrations of the evening was the introduction of the "Haggis," and the delivery, by Mr. Robert Menzies, of Burns' famous Address to that national dish of Scotland. This was rendered with fine effect, eliciting peals of laughter from the whole company.

On the removal of the cloth, the President arose and commenced the intellectual and soul-inspiring exercises of the evening by the following brief but pointed address, which was rapturously received :

Gentlemen—The Committee who were charged with making arrangements for this Celebration have seen fit to assign to me the position I now occupy—a fact which, I fear, says more for their partiality than it does for their wisdom ; but, deeming apologies or excuses to be, on such an occasion, out of place, I shall, like a good soldier, accept the honorable post allotted to me, and endeavor to discharge its duties as I best can. [Applause.]

We are met to-night to commemorate the day, and to do honor to the memory of the man to whom it gave birth—Scotland's greatest, dearest Poet, Robert Burns. [Cheers.] The present Anniversary is invested with unusual interest, of which the goodly gathering before me afford abundant proof, it being, as you are aware, just one hundred years to-day since our Poet was given to the world. Born, the eldest son of poor but most worthy peasants of Ayr ; brought up in a condition in life but little above that of a farm servant, with a limited education, and with but few opportunities for self improvement, he, by the force and versatility of his genius, and by showing himself to be one of the first poetic spirits, has earned for himself a fame, which, measurably national at the time of his death, has since become co-extensive with civilization, and is still increasing. [Loud cheers.]

It is not my intention to enter into a description of Burns' character as a Man, or of his genius as a Poet—these form a theme of which it will devolve on others, better able to do

it justice, to speak, and I will not attempt to anticipate what may then be said.

It affords me, as I am sure it does every other Scotchman present, great pleasure to see with us, on this occasion, several of our American friends, and also friends representing other nationalities. I believe it to be an undoubted fact, and it certainly is a gratifying one, that nowhere outside of Scotland is BURNS as well understood and as much admired as in this country. [Applause.]

It may not be out of place for me to say that I regard, and I am sure in this our American friends will agree with me, national meetings, like the present, as being quite consistent with our fidelity to our adopted country, whose honor and interests we will, under any and all circumstances, never fail to defend and maintain. [Loud and prolonged applause.] But what matters it, if we, sons of old Scotia, meet to talk of "Auld Lang Syne," and to think of

> Caledonia! stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child;
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood.

I am sure that the man who can retain no kindly recollection of, and no regard for, the country that gave him birth, will make but an indifferent citizen in the country of his adoption. [Cheers.]

And now, gentlemen, I trust that, with a due admixture of toasts, speeches, poems, anecdotes, and songs, you will give a slack rein to mirth and innocent enjoyment—that the evening may be spent in a manner worthy of the day, worthy of the Poet, and worthy of ourselves. [Great cheering.]

The President concluded by giving THE TOAST OF THE EVENING:

The Memory of Burns.

Which was drank standing and in silence.

Judge MCARTHUR being called upon, responded to the sentiment in his usual eloquent manner. His speech, which is a perfect model of what such addresses ought to be, was heightened in force and effect by the magnificent voice and cultivated intonation of the Judge, whose personal advantages are too widely known to require any comment:

Mr. President—On the 25th day of January, in the year 1759, about two miles from the ancient town of Ayr, in the

south-western part of Scotland, and near the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon, the greatest Poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people first drew the breath of life. On the 25th day of January, in the year 1859, one century having completed its revolution to a moment, we are gathered here to commemorate, in this splendid manner, the Life to which that distant night gave birth, and which has left behind it the undying memory which is so appropriately contained in the toast just read.

We are not more divided in time from the period of the Poet's birth than we are geographically remote from his native land, and although we are separated from the rugged heights and romantic glens of Scotland by thousands of miles of tempest and of ocean, of plain and mountain, yet we pour our oblation to his memory in the heart of the American Continent. Nor are we alone in this demonstration of Scottish feeling—for our countrymen, wherever, on this round earth, their enterprise or their courage may have carried them, are, to-night, united exultingly in the genius and productions of our incomparable Bard.

In a recent newspaper article, the question was asked, "where are not Scotchmen found?" and I would repeat the enquiry. You have, doubtless, read of the English traveler, who had met them everywhere, and who, in order to get rid of them, ascended an Egyptian Pyramid, but, on reaching the summit, was met by a blue eyed Scot, who held out his mull and asked him to "tak' a pinch o' snuff." [Laughter.] Also, the story of a Scotch traveler, who discovered a Grand Vizier, in Turkey, to be a fellow schoolmate, by his asking the former, when he was ushered into his presence, how long it had been since he left Aberdeen. [Cheers and laughter.] But wherever the Scotchman is to-night, in whatever clime he may be seeking fortune, or improving by his industry and solid virtues, whether on the bluffs of Lake Michigan, on the banks of the Hudson, on the Nile, or the Ganges, the Pacific or the Atlantic, he is celebrating, with unfaltering and increasing enthusiasm, the anniversary of the birth of Burns, and the recollections of dear, old Scotland. [Great applause.] In our native country, all classes, the educated and the uneducated, (but there is no unlettered class in Scotland,) the high and the low, are now uniting in this oblation to the Poet's memory. And so are Americans participating in similar demonstrations. The Choates, the Everetts, the Longfellows, the Bryants, the Bancrofts, the Parkers and the Beechers, are all with us to-night. Why

this mighty diapason of praise and admiration? Because BURNS was born a Poet. He came from nature already made a Poet. He came as the breezes come—as the daisy grows upon the hill side. Nature sent him forth and he always sang in the name of nature. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

He has spoken to and of nature in her highest and most spiritual forms, for he has spoken to and for humanity, and humanity now speaks its accents of tenderness and love for him, and will ever continue to utter his fame while the soul is adorned with feeling, or enobled by reason or imagination. Scotland may never witness again such a day as his birth. She had waited patiently through the long centuries to behold her sympathies idealized in the deathless creations of genius. She had produced many Poets, whose strains had all but rivalled those of CHAUCER and SPENCER; but not till BURNS, the great master, who could sweep the lyre strings of her grand old heart. [Applause.] Well and proudly might she turn her bright blue eye in thankfulness to Heaven for the fresher life of the new born flower. Expectation was fulfilled. The green verdure upon the banks and braes of her rushing waters, the purple of her moorlands, the gowan in the sheltered valley, the daisy on the mountain, the beauty of her maidens and the virtues of her sons, their customs and their habits, were to abide forever in the mirror of his immortal verse. [Great applause.]

His birth was humble—within the four walls of an old clay biggin. No line of illustrious ancestry preceded him. No regal splendor gave it lustre. But what was this to a man like BURNS. Nature, in giving him the poet's wreath, had crowned him with a diadem more radiant than ever graced the brow of royalty. [Cheers.]

It was another proud day for Scotland when he issued his first collection of poems from the Kilmarnock press! What a collection of poetry was that! There was "Holy Willie's Prayer." [Here some one exclaimed "Amen."] There, also, was the "Ordination," and the "Holy Fair," forming an Epic Trinity of the most exquisite satire. Here let me say that the soul of BURNS yearned with fraternal feeling; his sympathies flowed out to every breathing object. He had even a touch of pity for the Deil—

> "I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Even for your sake."

But, with all his human tenderness, there was one character that he hated with unrelenting power, and that was the

hypocrite. He lived in an age and country in which there was much true piety and respect for the duties of religion, and yet there was some coarseness and a considerable deal of pious affectation and cant. Everybody saw this, and felt it, but none dared expose it, till BURNS, in these matchless poems, held up the odious character to a derision that shall last for ever. [Great applause.] There, too, was the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which I will place by the side of the Iliad of any nation. Such a picture of simplicity in domestic piety and family devotion is found in no other Poet, and perhaps the pious song could apply to no other people. I have often thought that this production was like a statue, perfect in all its proportions, and every feature rounded off and softened into beauty. There, too, was his "Address to the Deil." This has always appeared to me to be one of the most wonderful creations that has ever emanated from human genius. MILTON had described his Satanic Majesty before then, and had invested him with diabolic grandeur; and DANTE had been equally terrible. Besides, at that time, the Devil was thoroughly believed in by our countrymen! [Tremendous cheering.] But with a few touches of his sovereign humor, and the ridiculous images and wit, which he mingles with these verses, the Devil, who had been the dread, became the laughing stock of all Scotland. [Great laughter and cheering.]

Then comes his "Vision," in which Coila descends from the sky; and never did vision more beautifully respire from the breath of genius. The evanescent shadow of an "aerial being" becomes an abiding figure of celestial form. Never did so many images beam upon so limited a surface as on that gorgeous mantle of green. Dr. CURRIE, in criticising it, has said that it was over-crowded with beauty; but I will leave him to the tender mercies of old KIT NORTH'S immortal crutch. [Laughter.]

It has been said by some of the essayists that there is a painful absence of great characters in the works of BURNS, which, to some extent, is undoubtedly the case. He took no pains to make dramatic heroes out of kings or princes. He had no time to devote to them, or, if he had, it was not worth his while. Besides, his life was constantly occupied in providing for its wants. And there was another reason; he was a son of labor—one of the people. Their amusements, holidays, pastimes, their feelings and passions, were the way-side flowers which bedecked his pathway. [Applause.] Even when he was surrounded by the aristocracy

of Edinburgh, he would occasionally turn aside from the dazzling influences of his social position and mingle with the people, making himself a brother with them. And when he wandered forth in silent meditation on the *bonnie banks and braes*, he sang so sweetly, or went up into the mists of the mountains, his thoughts were still of his people. He went with them to fair or market, to the ingle side, to the reaping field and the plough. And it was a noble spectacle to behold the greatest poetic genius of the age thus enobling with his presence the humble scenes of common life. He has, however, left behind him sufficient to show that he was equal to give expression to the noblest sentiments, and to portray both great events and characters. Was there ever such a bugle blast of national glory or freedom as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" while, in the "Vision," he brings out, in a few graphic lines, the intrepid worthies of his land, and the gallant races who had peopled it. Such passages afford a glimpse of his sovereign power, to sing great deeds, and to give us assurance that if he had not sank into an early grave he would have called into imperishable life the Scottish heroes, and the scenes of Scottish valor, and set them in the choicest lays.

I will only add, that BURNS is worthy your admiration as a man, and he has it undivided now and for ever. While living, he was not only a poet, but a man, in every sense of the word. It was he who wrote "A man's a man for a' that." When he departed this earth, he could not look back and recall a single violation of his truth or honesty. I will close by repeating the sentiment I started with, "The Memory of BURNS." [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Judge MCARTHUR having concluded,

Prof. B. I. DORWARD, in compliance with a previous invitation from the Committee of Arrangements, read the following original Poem, which was greeted, from time to time, with loud applause; and, on its conclusion, Mr. DORWARD took his seat amidst immense cheering:

THE SOUL OF BURNS.

In that dear land, remember'd and beloved,
That lies far east, beyond the heaving wave,
A child was born—the firstling of his sire—
Within a cottage built of clay,
When earth was cold and white with snow,
Near the "Auld Kirk of Alloway,"
A hundred years ago.

He lived, he loved, he sung—alas! he died;
Yet, tho' the earth's cold bosom keeps his dust,
His songs still breathe the old immortal fire—
The fire of love and patriot pride,
The fire to scorch hypocrisy,
The sympathy, warm, deep and wide,
The scorn of wrong and tyranny.

His soul, now free from stains of earth and time,
This very morning, on the day-spring rose,
And look'd once more upon that famous land—
That glorious land that gave him birth,
Where heather blooms, and fir trees wave—
That land of song and honest worth,
Which Bruce and Wallace bled to save.

And, unencumber'd by this mortal coil,
His rapid glance swept o'er, from sea to sea,
The hills and vales of Caledonia,
And saw within that space so brief,
The light of many a name renowned—
Poet, philosopher and chief—
Whose fame has reached earth's utmost bound.

And, in the ancient cities of his land,
He saw his countrymen pass to and fro
In preparation for a Festival.
He saw his own sons with a smile;
He marked the true, the gifted, all
Hastening with joy o'er many a mile
To keep his first Centennial.

"Oh, Time!" he said, "Physician of all ills!
Impartial Judge! Avenger of all wrongs!
Slow Winnower, that parts the wheat and chaff!
Thy breath sweeps all the froth away,
But spares the true wine, clear and bright;
Thy footstep hides the worthless clay,
Thy hand lifts precious things to light.

Forgive me, that when subject to thy reign,
I stooped to murmur at my low estate!
The gift of Poesy, me Heaven has shown—
Required no higher sphere than mine,
To feel and see the heart of man,
And woman—love and beauty's shrine!
Or Nature's wond'rous face to scan.

Man's private, puny, grasping hand could ne'er
Enclose, or hide, the earth, or air, or sea;
With all their glooms and glories manifold,
The heart lies open to the poor,
And all its secrets poets tell,
Bring thoughts from Heaven's starry floor,
And images from earth and hell.

The pride of ancient and illustrious blood,
The mighty power of station and of gold,
Are weak and fleeting to that magic spell
The Poet casts upon the mind;
And earth would be without a Bard,
If man could *pay* for song and hymn—
True genius is its own reward!"

Across the Atlantic, then, he winged his flight,
And paused above the cities of the east;
And there, the greatest names of this great land,
Admirers of the Scottish muse,
In speech, and toast, and melody,
Were pouring forth their strains profuse,
In honor of his memory.

Did he remember then his years of toil?
His nights of sorrow, and his days of grief?
Or for his frailties the sharp-tooth'd regret?
O, no! they all had pass'd away;
And in their stead were peace and rest,
And sunshine of eternal day,
And hallow'd joy among the blest.

Still farther westward flew the soul of Burns;
Upon a rack of sunset clouds he came;
And lo! he stays above this gathering here!
He now rejoices in our mirth,
He listens to our harmless glee,
And quaffs a wine, not found on earth—
The wine of Immortality!

Mr. JOHN PORTEOUS then sung "There was a lad was born in Kyle," accompanied by Prof. H. N. HEMPSTED, who presided during the entire evening at the Grand Pianoforte, and played accompaniments to the numerous songs in a most masterly style.

The President then announced the second regular toast:

The Queen—God bless her.

Which was received by the whole company rising to their feet with three times three and one cheer more.

Mr. JOHN S. MILLER then sung the "National Anthem," the entire company still standing, and enthusiastically joining in the chorus.

The next regular toast in order was—

The President of the United States:

This toast again called the whole assemblage to their

feet, with three times three cheers, followed by the "Star Spangled Banner," led by Mr. MENZIES, the company standing and again uniting in the chorus with great effect. This splendid national song of our adopted country has been seldom sung with more hearty good will.

The fourth regular toast was then announced by the President:

The Land o' Cakes—Home of Brave Men and Bonnie Lasses.

Mr. ROBERT SHIELLS, of Whitewater, then delivered the following Poem, written for the occasion by invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, which was repeatedly and cordially applauded as the various points came home to the hearts of all present. The allusions to the scenery of our native land, and the deeds of our fathers, roused the tide of Scottish feeling, which boiled over in bursts of delight:

Keen blows the wind across the heaving lake,
The snow descends in many a glittering flake;
With hasty wheel the graceful skaters glide
In safety, on the river's frozen tide;
The cheerful sleigh-bells tinkle in the street,
Blythe winter's come again, and here we meet,
Not only to evince that we revere
A memory to Scotland ever dear;
Not only hail with heartfelt due regard
The hundredth birthday of our matchless Bard;
Vaunt the sweet lyrics which his genius gave,
And leave a chaplet on his honored grave;—
But we are met, a joyous, friendly band,
To take each other warmly by the hand.
Throw trouble to the winds, discharge dull care—
Imagine—that we breathe our native air,
Wander our native glens and hills among,
Catch the sweet accents of our mountain tongue,
Pay duteous homage at our Poet's shrine.
Drink deeply at the well of "Auld Lang Syne;"
Till fancy makes us think that we, in truth,
Revisit Scotland and renew our youth.

Dear land! in which I drew my earliest breath,
If aught subdue my love for thee but death;
If change of clime or fortune should efface
Thine image from my memory's foremost place;
If anything that wealth or fame imparts
Should e'er displace thee from my heart of hearts;
Then be my palsied tongue forever still!
Then let my strong right hand forget its skill!
Mother and Scotland, side by side I set,
May GOD forget me when I them forget!

Our native land ! There's music in the name ;
What Scottish heart so dull, what soul so tame,
That feels not every pulse thrill with delight,
In such a gathering, and on such a night ?
Ours is a glorious land beyond compare,
Rich in historic lore,—of beauty rare,
Alike in peace or war with honor crowned,
Famous in history, and in song renowned.
Well may her sons, where'er by fortune tost,
Cherish their birth-right as a sacred trust.

Although we find her early records dim,
Her history shrouded in the mists of time,
Ere Roman legions gazed on Tay's green banks,
While "*ecce Tiber*" echoed through their ranks ;—
Enough remains to show, even then she stood,
O'ermatched at times, and crushed, but unsubdued ;
Her heath with blood was often freely stained,
But foreign rule her soil has ne'er profaned ;
She never yielded, never crouched a slave,
And foes who came for conquest found a grave.
The Romans, Danes and Saxons passed away ;
The wild Norse Vikings vainly fought for sway ;
The grasping Southron strove, time and again,
To blot her from the Nations, but in vain.

Like some stern rock that breasts th' advancing tide,
The angry waves may foam on every side,
The roaring billows may exert their might,
The blinding spray may hide it from our sight ;
But when a calm prevails, when storms are fled,
Uninjured and erect it rears its head.

Such was our country's fate for many an age,
When war's wild tempest seldom ceased to rage.
Often were England's hostile hordes let loose,
For slight occasion broke th' uncertain truce,
Pour'd on the dear old land a countless host,
And fierce marauders swarmed from coast to coast.

In those rude times, when petty broils were rife,
And neighboring clansmen lived in constant strife;
Soon would each brawling chief his feud forego,
In common hatred to the common foe.
Let England's red-cross banner but advance,
The highland broad-sword and the borderer's lance,
The glittering hauberk and the tartan screen,
Fought, side by side, against the Lincoln green.

But why repeat again the thrice told tale,
How wealth and numbers proved of none avail ?
Few were our fathers, but their stubborn will,
Though oft defeated, was unconquered still.
And dire oppression's devastating fires
"Scotch'd, but not killed." the spirit of our sires.
Till "Wallace wight" rose, in himself a host,
His country's saviour and his country's boast.
Even yet, his name makes every bosom burn,
He paved the way for Bruce and Bannockburn.

Since that eventful day, when Stirling's tower
Saw good "King Robert" break "proud Edward's power,"
Though Scotland's history be a checquered tale,
Where victory and defeat by turns prevail,
She ran no further risk of settling down
A mere appendage to a foreign crown.
She stood, 'mid all the varying turns of fate,
An independent, free, and sovereign State.
Increased in strength, till none dared her molest;
Ruled her own people as she judged it best.
Among the nations, more than held her own,
And placed her monarch on the English throne.

Nor did the Union with her bitterest foe,
At once her deep set enmity o'erthrow.
Long time she held aloof—though poor, was proud—
And all obtrusive meddling disallowed.
Guarded with jealous care her self-respect,
And kept her ancient privileges intact.
With steadfast loyalty upheld the throne,
When its opinions tallied with her own;
But stubbornly withstood, with all her might,
Whate'er infringed upon her vested right.
Opposed King Charles with heroic zeal;
But rush'd to arms at his son's appeal,
And, plunging reckless into hopeless war,
Pour'd her best blood at Wo'ster and Dunbar.

We find, in after years, that self-same son,
Then firmly seated on his father's throne,
For such devotion made but poor amends—
Forgot his pledges to his early friends—
Rewarded their allegiance to his cause,
With barbarous edicts and oppressive laws.
But when he sent his vile enactments forth,
Then rose the ancient spirit of the North.
Our rugged sires their banner blue unrolled,
With "Crown and Covenant" blazoned on its fold—
Sternly resisted to the very death,
The least encroachment on their cherished faith.
Through many a bloody year the fight maintained,
And *masters of the field* at last remained.

What though no wreath of fame their brows adorn?
What though we often hear them named with scorn,
Their candor doubted, and their worth belied,
Their motives sneered at, and their deeds decried,
Stamped as fanatics, bigoted and rude?
They sealed their testimony with their blood—
Preserved their consciences from stain, and when
They could not live as freemen, died like men!

But when time swept away the Stuart race,
And German upstarts filled their honored place;
Then were their vices and their faults forgot—
Their former greatness, their unhappy lot,
Did a false lustre to their name impart,

And tended to inflame the nation's heart.
Men's better judgment yielded to their zeal,
They felt as did the chivalrous Lochiel,
Who bluntly told the gallant Chevalier,
"The cause is desperate, but you are here,
So we will die for you." And how they died,
Culloden and Carlisle both testified.

But endless were the task, since then, to tell
Of those who for their country fought and fell;
And Scotland's records mark full many a grave,
Where rests the dust of her departed brave.
Even while we speak, the Muse of history writes
Of Highland bonnets on the Alma's heights.
Even now the victor's laurel wreath they twine,
For Balaklava and "its thin red line."
And on the latest page of Scotland's glory,
The dark Redan stands linked with Annie Laurie.

But not the latest page should I have said,
Remember India, and its honored dead;
Its brave defenders, and its gallant chief;
Its tale of Lucknow's peril and relief;
Its deadly jungles, and its burning plains.
Who has not felt the hot blood in his veins
Boil madly, as in fancy he has marched
Across its arid wastes, toilworn and parched,
Sweltering along beneath its burning sky,
With flagging step, but vengeance in his eye?
Hark! to the boom of yonder opening gun!
Who feels fatigue! who minds the scorching sun?
The rattling volley and the wild hurrah,
May well inspire the fiercest foe with awe.
In vain with headlong speed their flight they urge;
Down, down they go before the bayonet's charge.
No mercy there, though hundreds bite the dust;
Remember Cawnpore! nerves each deadly thrust.

Since Cæsar built the famous Roman wall,
Time's changes have been neither few nor small.
The barren waste's become a prosperous land,
Where thrift and plenty smile on every hand.
Th' unlettered people, that their foes contemned,
Are now for polished learning widely famed.
The roving tribes have grown a busy hive,
Where commerce, arts and manufactures thrive.

But looking backwards, through dim, distant years,
Where little meets the eye but blood and tears,
One ancient trait stands clearly marked and strong.
We read of Fingal's deeds in Ossian's song.
Though war's shrill trumpet sounded loud and fierce,
The nation's bursting heart welled out in verse.
From sire to son our Northern harp was passed,
And still the sweetest Poet seemed the last;
Until the Bard arose, whose cherished name
We hail to night with earnest, loud acclaim.

He showed the power of song. His witching art
Not only soothes the ear, but fills the heart.
'Mong the poetic race he stands alone,
For varied powers, which yet are all his own.
No formal rules constrain his "wood notes wild;"
Gay or pathetic, he is Nature's child.
No borrowed grace he ever stoops to use;
His is in very truth a Scottish Muse.
As natural to Scotland are his lays,
As is the heather blooming on her braes.
What wonder then, though Scotland's voice proclaim
The pride she feels in his undying fame?
What wonder that with pride we swell the throng,
That celebrates this day with feast and song?
What wonder that with pride each bosom burns,
As here we meet—the countrymen of BURNS?

My "Native Highland Home" was then sung by the Quartette, Messrs. MENZIES, HISLOP, MILLAR and PORTEOUS.

The President said he would interrupt the regular order of the proceedings by reading a despatch from New York, containing a sentiment, just received, which was to be read all over America where the occasion was being observed, at 12 o'clock, it being about that hour in New York now:

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1859.

To the Burns' Club of Milwaukee from the Burns' Club of New York:

We have selected the following toast and sentiment to be drank all over America, where this occasion is being observed, at 12 o'clock to-night:

Kindred Associations throughout the World—May they preserve the songs, and disseminate the sentiments of BURNS, *till man to man the world o'er "shall brithers be and a' that."*

VAIR CLIREHUGH, *Cor. Sec'y.*

The next regular toast was—

America—Worthy child of worthy sires; we are proud of her success and glory in her progress.

This called out Judge HUBBELL, who responded in his always felicitous manner:

Indeed, Mr. Chairman, I may say with Counsellor PHILLIPS, "the very mention of America never fails to fill me with the most lively emotions." Sir, I was born here; my sire and my sire's sire drew their first breath in this land, toward the setting sun. They were partakers of its follies and adven-

tures, its toils and progress, its patriotism and poverty, its liberty and glory. They have an inheritable interest in its large estate of institutions and notions. They have a birth right to sit under the national tree, as under a vine of their own planting.

I thank this generous assembly for mentioning my name in connection with a toast to "America," for if any here is entitled to boast of whatever is properly American, "I more." But, sir, there is nothing to boast of. The only national characteristic of which America has reason to be proud is, that she always "dares to try." That has made her what she is, and will make her whatever man can be. It has been the ruling star of her destiny. Columbus tried to discover a new world, and he discovered it. The Pilgrim Fathers tried to find a home where they could worship God in their own way, and they found it. The patriots of the Revolution tried to establish a government, of the people and for the people, and they established it. [Great cheering.]

Heaven, in mercy, gave to man this Western Continent, its pure air, its productive soil, its magnificent rivers, lakes, mountains and wildernesses, that he might try to lift up the whole human family; and he has lifted up this portion of the family, high on the hills of science, of art, of practical freedom, of unrivalled prosperity, and resistless progress, until we hear the distant voices of the nations, far down in the vallies below, calling to us for a helping hand, to lift them up to our American level. Sir, there is a magnetism in this Continent of ours. This daring to try rules over the Western Hemisphere, like the wing of a mighty destiny—"manifest destiny," if you please—bearing man onward, ever onward, with the sun. [Applause.] It will know no pause, no abatement, until it shall have carried the American name, and race, and language, and institutions, all round the globe, belting the earth with freedom and intelligence, in place of its ancient, "legitimate" zone of ignorance and bondage.

Mr. Chairman, some words carry with them an inseparable charm, of varied and sublime associations. Glancing over the names, familiar to us as household words, I pronounce the word "Mississippi." It is but a river; yet who does not catch, in his mind's eye, the far away snows of the Rocky Mountains, melting down their foaming path; the limpid, laughing waters of the hundred lakes of Minnesota; the highland streams of our own Wisconsin; the outgushing springs of New York and Pennsylvania, leaping

through the rocky fastnesses of the Alleghanies—all kindred waters, obedient to a common destiny, rushing, sweeping, foaming onward to the great valley, where the Father of Waters pours his quiet but resistless tide to the ocean.

So, when I speak of the "American people," you shall see the fountains of the nations breaking up ; the Celtic and Sclavonic, the Germanic and Gallic, the Norman and Dane, the noble Gælic and glorious Anglo-Saxon, each pouring out their kindred streams, their moving and resistless human currents, and bearing, by a common destiny, into this great trans-Atlantic basin, the mingled tides of civilization and liberty, glory and power. [Cheers.]

What a peerless nationality has the American people. Kindred spirits of all climes, men of whom the old world was not worthy, coming hither have united and fraternized with the sons of the soil, in establishing Time's last and noblest Empire. And permit me, Mr. Chairman, to allude to the fact that this gathering to-night, affords the most happy and striking illustration of that mingling of races, which has enriched the blood, indurated the muscle, and magnetized the nerve of this American people, making it the just pride, as it is the sole hope, of the friends of freedom and humanity. Nor can I conclude without alluding to the fact that the noble purpose of this meeting shows that, though your homes, your fortunes and your hopes, are in this, your adopted country, your memories and your hearts are still among the banks and braes and hills of Caledonia.

At the conclusion, amid great applause, the Judge gave this capital and appropriate toast:

Scotland—Her mountains are the hiding places of patriotism and valor, her cities and villages are the home of industry and thought; and her lowliest hut is the birth place of immortal genius.

Here "The Flag of our Union" was admirably sung by Mr. R. Menzies, and never did our glorious banner float more triumphantly on the wings of melody.

Mr. David Johnston, of Waukesha, was then called to the rostrum, and recited, in inimitable style and with great dramatic effect, that most wonderful production of the great Poet's fancy, "Tam o' Shanter." The roars of laughter with which it was received testified not only to the merit of the delivery, but to the appreciation and delight of all present.

The next regular toast was then given by the President:

The Moral Independence and acknowledged Intelligence of Scotchmen as evinced in the past—May we emulate our ancestors in the present and future.

To which Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM responded in the following eloquent speech:

Mr. President—At the close of the sixteenth century, our country was, in a great degree, insensible to its moral indedence. The men who repelled the Roman invaders, and fought upon the fields of Luncarty, Falkirk and Bannockburn, lost sight of the glorious principles which they received from our Culdee Fathers, and sunk into a state of comparative barbarism. In the midst of this darkness, a man arose who was the means of arousing his countrymen to a sense of their privileges and duty. When we looked upon his frame, it was thought that his physical powers would not carry him through the scenes of difficulty which he was called upon to encounter. But his frame, though small, was firmly knit together, and when his eye was looked upon, it indicated that piercing power and intelligence which would prove of either great good or evil to his countrymen, when he commenced his mission. He entered the Palace of the Queen, and clearly indicated to her that she had duties to perform to her subjects, which she could not evade, and if these were set aside, the throne would totter to its foundation. Her smiles, her tears, her blandishments, had no effect upon this disinterested and fearless man. He went into the assembly of the nobles, and proclaimed that his countrymen were no longer to be treated as serfs, and looked upon as contingencies of the soil. He went to the priestly power, and distinctly told them they must leave the gorgeous palaces in which they had secluded themselves, and go forth, through the length and breadth of the land, and inculcate on their countrymen the lessons of religion and morality, and he then turned to his countrymen, traveling far and wide, and taught them that they were responsible beings, and that they could not set aside the duties which they owed to themselves and children, unless they made every effort to emerge from the gloom which surrounded them. And the result of the untiring labors of this noble man was, that he laid the foundation of our moral independence far and wide, and now bearing fruits in this present day; and when he was called to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and laid in his narrow home, the representative of the truckling politician, in the person of the REGENT MORTON, pronounced his

short but brief epitaph—"There lies JOHN KNOX, the man who never feared the face of man." [Applause.]

At a later period our country sank again, though not to the same extent. The principles of our moral independence were manfully upheld by our standard bearer, HENDERSON. And what a glorious thought it is to some of us to think that this eloquent man, after placing his country, through his labors, in a lofty position in the moral world, was called to the sister country to consult with the OWENS, BAXTERS, HAMPDENS and MILTONS, and successfully labored for the principles of KNOX. The results were that the descendants of these immortal men, when they could find no rest in their native land for their liberties, they transferred themselves, and ultimately landed on Plymouth Rock, and laid down the principles of moral independence, which I trust will be the leading star of the many millions of this extensive country. I, therefore, claim that KNOX and his compeers were the original founders of American liberty as developed in the Puritan Fathers. It may be said now that we are the degenerated sons of noble sires, but evidence goes all to prove the contrary. The ERSKINES and GILLESPIES, in the close of the last century, gloriously upheld our moral independence, and it reached its culminating point in the disruption of 1843.

It has been said that we are a penurious race, loving money rather than principles. The reverse is the case. Look at this memorable event. On the one side stood PEEL with all his sagacity, the historical RUSSELL, and the astute GRAHAM, with his great administrative powers. On the other side stood the representative of religion and philanthropy, in the person of CHALMERS; the worthy successor of NEWTON, in the person of BREWSTER; the sincere and unaffected piety and learning, in the person of ROBERT GORDON. The political power say to these men, that we will not consent to your principles and that the people have no right to elect their ministers, but that the power wholly belongs to the State. They replied, that in no case could any man be intruded upon an unwilling people, and that rather than sacrifice the moral independence of their countrymen, they would leave all their privileges and immunities which the State conferred. The politicians sneered at the idea, thinking only some of the leaders would come out. But when the time of trial came, 470 ministers left the assembly and church of their fathers, and the welcome voices of 700,000 Scotchmen endorsed the position of these disinterested and worthy men. And thus

they proved themselves worthy successors of KNOX, MELVILLE and HENDERSON.

But what did they leave? Truly they left their comfortable homes and incomes secured to them for life, from three to five thousand dollars per annum, and threw themselves upon the generosity of their countrymen, and this clearly shows that when our moral independence is in the balance, that the sword, the fire and the faggot, or the gold of earth will not influence Scotchmen in maintaining their moral independence. It has been said that we are an egotistical racet and that we cannot admire this principle in others, and that we cannot understand the genius and spirit which regulate this continent. Why! we endorse the sentiments of our countryman PATRICK HENRY. When the stamp act was under discussion, and when the men of the old Dominion were beginning to lose their love of liberty, he made the old walls ring with his oratory and waked the spirit of the ancient Puritans. He said CÆSAR had his BRUTUS, CHARLES I. his OLIVER CROMWELL, and GEORGE III. would have his. Loud cries of treason resounded, but, in the language of his ancestors, he said, if that is treason make the most of it. We admire the moral independence of the philosophic and scientific FRANKLIN, when he went to the mother country as the accredited agent of the Colony of Massachusetts, demanding a redress of grievances and that their rights should be conceded; and in presenting this celebrated document to the Privy Council of the day, and answering its statements and arguments in a clear and dispassionate manner. They set the fiery and impetuous WEDDERBURN, their Solicitor General, to vituperate the personal character of this excellent man, and as it is recorded to honor—he uttered not a word, but left for his humble home—and in putting off the spotted Manchester velvet dress—said that he would wear a new garb when he returned as Representative of a free country.

We admire the moral independence of WASHINGTON, the father of his country—when at the close of his second Presidential term, he was pressed by the large and influential, now called democratic party, under the leadership of Jefferson, the federalist party led by HAMILTON, and outside by the partisans of France, to enter upon a war with Britain to uphold the Jacobins of that country. He would listen to none of their representations, but concluded an honorable peace with that country. He was no truckling politician, or man of the hour. He loved his country for the struggles that it made for liberty, but he was not prepared to support

a class of men who would ba he their principles in the blood of those near and dear to them, who chose to differ from them in opinion. We tell Americans that we will at all times faithfully carry out the laws of the Federal and State Governments, if bad we shall use all our power to have them repealed, and shall uphold an upright, a wise and a prudent judiciary, and love civil and religious liberty in its widest sense. We shall ever be opposed to any party or class of men who shall infringe upon the rights of others. We shall uphold the sacred rights of property, and will be opposed to sectionalism, disunionism, anarchy, confusion and bloodshed. And, as citizens of our adopted country, we shall endeavor to follow in the footseps and genius of our Scottish Bard, who was so noble an example of that sentiment he so much admired, "*an honest man's the noblest work of God.*"

Song, "A Man's a Man for a' That," rendered in fine style by Mr. THOMAS HISLOP, the whole audience joining in on the chorus, and causing the room to ring again.

Next regular toast—

Scottish Literature—The rank which it holds has been fixed by historians like Robertson, Hume and Alison; by philosophers like Reid, Stewart and Hamilton; by scholars like Murray, Leyden and Blackie; by essayists like Jeffrey, McIntosh and Carlyle; by novelists like Smollet, Scott and Galt; by men of science like Playfair, Brewster and Millar; by theologians like Knox, Chalmers and Guthrie; by universal geniuses like Buchanan, Brougham and Wilson; and by poets bright and numerous as the stars in the blue vault above.

Mr. JAMES MCALISTER, a young Scot of fine abilities and acquirements, was called upon to speak to the foregoing, which he did in the following strain of eloquence. At the close of his remarks, the Croupier called for three cheers for Young Scotland and its eloquent orator who had just delighted them, which were given with deafening plaudits:

Mr. President—I rise with a considerable degree of diffidence on this occasion. Unaccustomed as I am to addressing public assemblies of any kind, I feel doubly embarrassed in coming after the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me. Moreover, the sentiment to which I have been called upon to respond, requires an amount of scholarship which I do not possess; so that altogether I feel as much out of place as I possibly could under any circumstances that can be well imagined. But I did not feel at liberty to refuse the honor-

able invitation of the committee. I was anxious to throw in my mite to the enjoyment of the great occasion which has called us together, and I felt, however poorly qualified, I could not find a better chance for this purpose than the opportunity presented by the toast which has just been read in your hearing.

Like every true Scotchman, I must believe Scotland to be great in everything. [Laughter] But honestly, I think there is no exaggeration in claiming for her Literature a place as high as that of any nation in ancient or modern times. The names of her sons are familiar to the dwellers in every civilized land, and will be for evermore. Her songs are sung on the shores of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Her romances are familiarly known in every log cabin of our backwoods, as well as in the palaces of Europe, and are household words in Australia and New Zealand. Her histories are pondered, her criticism is watched wherever civilization and the English language have found their way. Her science is authoritative in the highest schools. Her philosophy still holds its place in spite of new and splendid lights in the dim regions of metaphysical speculation. I believe, sir, that her literary men will bear comparison with the greatest names of any age or country—always excepting, of course, the few master minds which belong to no country, but are the common heritage of the world ; and I hold that no Scotchman need ever be afraid to make the trial. Let some wise old Greek come from his grave on the shores of the beautiful Ægean, and read the list of writers who have given to the land of Homer the proudest place in the history of nations that are no more. Let some Roman rhetorician start from the dust of the seven hills and call the roll of her Virgils, her Ciceros and her Tacituses. Let Italy and Spain each send their herald to proclaim the names which they glory in more than their proudest achievements in camp or court. Let France send her finest critic to read the list of her greatest Academicians. Let some German, who has taken into his brain the learning of all the ages, write the names of those men who have given to Germany the sceptre of the intellectual world, and made her the nursery of scholars. Let England send one of her truest sons to proclaim the long list of names which grace the pages of her history. Let America, the youngest member of the Republic of Letters, tell the names which have silenced the sneers of the old world, and given to her, young as she is, an original and splendid Literature. And when they have all done, I will

read this toast and challenge the world to award to the names which it enumerates, a place by the side of the greatest which have been mentioned by the representatives of these several countries. [Great applause.]

It would be interesting, in support of this position, to trace the origin and progress of Scottish letters. To begin away back in the middle ages, when her poets were wandering minstrels, who strung their wild mountain harps sometimes in martial strains, which stirred the warlike clans to deeds of bravery, and again to songs of love and duty, in honor of some "lady fair" or valorous chief; and for philosophers she had the illustrious DUNS SCOTUS, the greatest scholar of his day, and who wrote enough in his brief life time to set up a score of German professors, and a hundred or two of modern D.Ds. [Laughter.] Passing along the stream of time, we would meet with the names of JOHN BARBOUR, JAMES I, WILLIAM DUNBAR, (a poet, says Sir WALTER SCOTT, unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced,) Sir DAVID LYNDSEY, GEORGE BUCHANAN, the royal bard JAMES VI, WILLIAM DRUMMOND the friend of SHAKSPEARE and BEN JOHNSON, and many other great and worthy names in all departments of literature. And then, coming down to still later times, we should arrive at the period when Scotland, although no longer wearing the crown of the BRUCES, sat enthroned in the universal empire of mind. Greece had her Alexanderian age, Rome her Augustan, and England her Elizabethian; and although I have no proud name by which to designate the period when Scotland reigned supreme in the world of Literature, yet she had such a period, which sparkles with a lustre as bright and enduring as that which shines across the centuries from any of those glorious eras. [Cheers.] But I need go no farther on this topic. Indeed, sir, I might have let the toast go without any remarks of mine; it is a speech of itself, and says about as much as needs to be said on the subject. It presents an array of names in every department of human culture, which will yield precedence to no others that can be produced. In history, we have the classic ROBERTSON and entertaining HUME. In philosophy, REID, with his common-sense doctrines, and HAMILTON, with his splendid endowments and unequalled learning. In science, the elegant PLAYFAIR, and accomplished BREWSTER, and so on through the entire range of literature. Then what single names there are mentioned here! There is GEORGE BUCHANAN, that "maist lerned, wyse and godlie man," to use the language of his friend

James Melville, and who was as celebrated for his wit and manly independence of character as for his scholarship. There is John Knox, who not only wrote theology, but lived religion, according to that rule which was inscribed above the door of his house in Edinburgh—

LUFE . GOD . ABOVE . ALL . AND . YOUR . NICHBOR . AS . YOURSELF.

There is Jeffrey, the prince of critics; Scott, whose name is, perhaps, the next best known in the world to Shakspeare's; Chalmers, the modern Chrysostom; and Hugh Millar, who left the stone quarry at Cromarty to become the first geologist, and one of the best English writers of his day. [Applause.]

There, too, is Brougham, the Nestor of the British Senate, and the most versatile mind of his time, producing, at four score years of age, an oration on Sir Isaac Newton which few men in all the strength and fullness of their powers could equal. There is Carlyle, that incarnation of the very genius of Scotland, and who probably now stands at the head of the *cultus* of our age. And then, sir, there is John Wilson—Christopher North—glorious Kit North! [Great applause.] What shall I say of him? Of him who was at once, poet, professor, editor, philosopher, wit, critic, orator, and alike great in all! How can I speak of that splendid genius which was equally at home in the broadest humor, the most terrible pathos, the sweetest tenderness, or the sublimest flights of fancy? What shall I say of the largeness of his heart, the noble qualities of his soul, the overwhelming grandeur of his eloquence? I confess myself inadequate to the task, and stand silent, awe-struck, in his presence, like the reverent soul before the sublime majesty of the Alps.

And last of all on this roll are the poets—to use the somewhat poetical language of the toast—"bright and numerous as the stars in the blue vault above." The poets of Scotland are her dearest treasure and her highest pride. I will venture to say that the songs of Scotland are more widely known, and have a stronger hold upon the heart than the poetry of any other land; and I believe that when the sublime epic of Milton, and the gloomy cantos of the great Tuscan have been forgotten, such simple strains as "Scots Wha Hae," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Highland Mary," will be cherished with a fondness that knows no change. [Cheers.] The poetry of Scotland is genuine. It is the reflex of the deepest emotions and noblest aspirations of human nature. It has all the freedom of the hills and the beauty of the vales which inspired it. It is the kind of

poetry which the world loves, which supersedes the action of laws, and imbues a people with the sentiments of love, truth, and duty which it inculcates.

Of HIM, the greatest of them all, who first saw the light one hundred years ago this evening, and whose memory we have come together to celebrate on this occasion, it is needless that I should say anything. That has been so well done already, that any words of mine would only tend to mar the impression which the eloquent speech of Judge MCARTHUR has left upon your minds.

If time and the occasion permitted, I would like to speak more at length on this subject. [Loud cries of "go on."] I would like to say something of the activity of Scottish letters in our own day, of the vigorous manner in which she still sustains her claim to the highest rank in all the walks of science and literature. I would like to enlarge on the general characteristics of Scottish Literature—its broad, liberal, and healthful spirit; its democratic tendencies; its high moral and religious tone; its truthfulness to the noblest aspirations of the soul and the deepest and finest feelings of the heart. But I will not weary your patience by speaking of these inviting topics now. I trust enough has been said to show the high character and worth of Scottish Literature. I believe, sir, that this is incalculably great, and that the noblest legacy which Scotland has bequeathed to the world is her Literature. I do not forget the heroes who have fought for her liberties, the noble army of martyrs who have died for her religion. But, after all, thoughts and ideas, are the only realities which survive the decay of nations, and the fluctuations of time. I believe that the Literature of Scotland has that in it which will not let it die. [Applause.] When the lofty Ben Lomond no longer glasses itself in the placid Loch below; when the hill of Dumbarton no longer stands frowning above the clear waters of the Clyde; when the silvery Tweed no longer flows onward to the sea, the names of these men will flourish in all the freshness of their original fame.

Yea, sir, so long as the human heart beats responsive to what is noble and beautiful in sentiment; so long as the student wrestles with the great mysteries of nature and the soul; so long as genius is loved and honored in the world, so long will the poets, and philosophers, and savans of Scotland live in the memory of man. [Great cheering.]

The President then announced the next toast:

Scotch Mechanics—Who are they? Where are they?

Responded to by Mr. GEORGE COUSLAND, of Prairie du Chien, a fine representative of the Scotch mechanic, whose speech displayed great scholarly research, and was attentively listened to throughout :

Mr. Chairman—Nations, no less than individuals, have duties to perform arising out of the fact of their existence. An individual who is guarded and benefitted by the structure of society, owes, in return, a duty of usefulness and recitude.

When he attempts to live a merely selfish life, pursuing a course, regardless of the interests of his neighbors, and seeking only personal gratification, he has but slender claims to the protection or respect of the community.

Nations have a similar but more extended accountability. Protected by international law, and benefitted in many ways by the learning, the philosophy, the arts and the sciences of other countries, they incur a debt which ought to be discharged by some contributions to the general good, progress and welfare of humanity. [Applause.]

The addresses of the gentlemen who have preceded me, have shown how nobly Scotland, "our auld, respected mither," has performed this duty. What bright examples, for admiration and imitation, she has presented to other nations—of heroes, martyrs and patriots. How the light of her science and philosophy, beaming far beyond her narrow bounds, has illuminated all lands. How the charms of her literature, the grace and vigor of her prose writers, the genius and beauty of her poets, and the pathos and tenderness of her sons of song, have cheered and blessed the world. [Loud cheering.]

In all the departments of thought she has done nobly and well ; but, in this age of natural development and progress, she might be considered lacking in some of the most useful elements of character, if she could not number among her sons, some who had achieved renown in these departments of enterprise. A nation that would occupy a front rank, must produce workers, no less than thinkers, or, better still, those who combine both thought and action, and are the inventors, the pioneers of improvement. The country which produced JAMES WATT, has no reason to shrink from comparison, in this respect, with the proudest of her peers. The steam engine which his genius devised, and his mechanical skill elaborated, is the starting point of the world's modern progress. There is no department of industry which it has not revolutionized and improved, and no class of society in

the civilized world it has not benefited. To it, literature owes much of its influence, and the press much of its power. It has exalted to a wonderful superiority, those nations that have most extensively availed themselves of its services, and had our native country never conferred any other benefit on mankind, WATT's engine would entitle her to the respect and the gratitude of the world. [Applause.]

HENRY BELL is another Scotch mechanic who has strong claims to a world-wide reputation. He may well contest with FULTON the honor of applying steam to navigation. A steamboat which he constructed made some experimental trips on the Forth and Clyde Canal, years before the "Clermont" was launched upon the waters of the Hudson. FULTON not only corresponded with BELL upon the subject, but visited him, and inspected his work.

An American eulogist of FULTON allows that he possessed the great advantages of European experience, and of British machinery, but forgets to add another important advantage, the examination of a Scotch steamboat, which had proved partially successful. Even if FULTON be admitted to have first applied steam power to river navigation, to BELL, indisputably, belongs the individual honor of a more difficult achievement—its adaptation to sea voyages. However highly we may value the steamboat and its contrivers, or even the more wonderful invention of the locomotive, we must never forget that they are but applications of a previously organized force, only corrollaries naturally flowing from that mighty problem, which the genius of WATT had demonstrated. With a kind of poetic justice, but rare in real life, the manufacture of the steam engine appears yet best to thrive in its native city, under the nursing care of the "Glasgow chappies;" and the most successful of ocean steamers are those that are launched from the banks of their native Clyde, and bound, in their proud course, to the scene of their future triumphs, down the romantic river, whence their first prototype, the "Comet," timidly advanced to meet the untried dangers of the sea. [Cheers.]

Did time permit, we might speak of RAMAGE, who improved the printing press; of BAIN, the inventor of the electric clock, and of many others of our "brither Scots," who have been distinguished as mechanical inventors. Scotch mechanics, as a class, do not excel in the merely ornamental branches of manufacture. They lack that frivolity of disposition which seems necessary to the production of elegant trifles, and the prosecution of the more fanciful departments

of the arts. Possessing an eminently practical character, they affect the more sturdy and useful occupations. In all the departments of building they are justly distinguished for skill and abilty. In the foundry, and at the forge—in the factory—and at the loom, they toil with an assiduity and success which both merits and receives esteem. Especially are they noted for excellence in all that pertains to the manufacture and management of machinery and the steam engine. The ocean steamship, traversing every sea, owes much of its success to Scotch mechanics, not only as its inventors, but also for the skill and intelligence they display in its construction and improvement.

Thanks to our Scotch system of public schools, her mechanics all possess the rudiments of a good education; and the opportunities for self-improvement, so liberally encouraged in the old country, are by no class more highly esteemed or more assiduously employed, than by the young mechanics. The long apprenticeship they serve affords an opportunity for thoroughly mastering the principles and details of their craft, and it is not too much to say that, in general, a Scotch mechanic is synonomous with a skilled and intelligent workman. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Nor are instances rare in which Scotch mechanics have distinguished themselves in the walks of science and literature. Need I recall the memory of the late lamented stone mason of Cromarty—one of the most illustrious of our countrymen. Though his "Schools and Schoolmasters" were the rough experiences of life and his own sturdy intellect, yet the most educated minds, trained in distinguished universities, and professors in celebrated colleges, were glad to learn, at the feet of the self-educated mechanic, the sublime readings of Geology. We might speak of Wilson, the Ornithologist, whose valuable work on that interesting study has earned him an enviable fame on both sides of the Atlantic. We might refer to the blacksmith missionary, Moffat, whose story of African life is such a valuable addition to our knowledge of that continent. Or better still, we might speak of his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, the Lanark cotton spinner, whose perseverance and indomitable energy have almost dissipated the mystery of interior Africa.

Of their achievements in the walks of imaginative literature, we might instance the songs of Tannahill, of Rodgers, and the poems of Thom of Inverury, all "wabsters guid," as well as poets; and may we not, with great aptness, refer to the poem which has so delighted us this evening, as a

goodly specimen of the abilities of a Scotch mechanic. [Applause.]

The acquisition of wealth and positions of influence, though they may not indicate the best kind of success, are still highly creditable to those, who, by industry and intelligence, have attained them, and not a few of our Scotch mechanics have been highly favored of fortune. Sir PETER FAIRBAIRN, present Mayor of Leeds, and late host of QUEEN VICTORIA, was a Hawick factory boy, and owes his present dignity to his own unaided efforts. Sir PETER LAURIE was a fellow craftsman, and almost a fellow townsman, of my own, and by diligence and ability, rose from the work-bench to the Chief Magistracy of the world's metropolis. Born of "poor but honest parents," as his biography will say, when it comes to be written, but "raised from the dregs of society," as he once unfortunately expressed it. I have often heard people speak of PETER LAURIE when he was a "lang-legged laddie," not exactly as the rhyme says, "gaen wantin' th' breeks,"—[laughter]—as he was raised in a section of the country where the manes of fashion demanded the sacrifice of corduroys—but without any gorgeous or superfluous apparel. After he went to London, he used to astonish his shopmates by mounting his high stool, and announcing that he would be Lord Mayor yet. Soon a circumstance occurred which did not promise very well for the fulfilment of his prediction. Being at the theater one night, he was much struck with the death scene in "Richard III.," and the next day was entertaining his fellow workmen with a rehearsal of the act on the shop floor. When he had gone through all the agonies, and lay in the impassiveness of death, his employer entered the shop. Perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, and having no soul for the heroics, he recalled the incipient Lord Mayor and the dead hero of Bosworth field back to life, by shouting, "Pack your kit and walk; I want no dead men in my shop." [Laughter.] Stung to the quick by this disgraceful dismissal, PETER eschewed private theatricals, prosecuted his trade with increased diligence, resolved to prove himself a true prophet, and prepared to act in public the old English drama of "Dick Whittington." Progressing from the grub of a Common Councilman, to the chrysalis of an Alderman, he at last emerged as a gorgeous butterfly in all the dignity and trappings of the Lord Mayor. And on a dull November day, in a grand coach, attended by men in armor, and all the pageantry of a civic procession, the Scotch saddler, like a second WHITTINGTON, was conveyed to

the city palace amid the applause of the populace. [Cheers.] How he was knighted by royalty ; how he feasted grand ministers of State, and entertained ambassadors of foreign powers ; and how, in Guild Hall, he dispensed hospitality and turtle soup to the rich, and good advice and the House of Correction to the poor. Behold, are they not all written in the book of the chronicles of the civic kings of London ? Let me add, as a deserved tribute of respect, that he was ever mindful of his less successful relatives. Of my own knowledge, I can testify that his liberality cheered the declining years of more than one of them, to whom fortune had been more sparing in the distribution of her gifts.

Thus, imperfectly, Mr. Chairman, have I attempted to speak of Scotch mechanics. Who are they ? But I would fain hope that I have at least said enough to prove them entirely worthy of your esteem, and of the enthusiasm with which they have been toasted this evening.

Scotch mechanics—where are they ? is a question still more difficult to answer. Ask rather—where are they not ? [Applause.] We have seen that some of them have inscribed their names high in the gratitude of the world ; some are enroled in the service of science and and philosophy ; some in the train of poetry and song ; and some occupying high and honorable positions in society, as the reward of their probity and enterprise. In the four quarters of the globe, they are perhaps not uuevenly distributed, and have everywhere an enviable reputation for industry and intelligence. Devoted to the more useful arts, they are everywhere a benefit to the country in which they live, and everywhere enjoy, as without egotism I may say, they deserve the respect and confidence of the community. [Applause.]

But, wherever they are, whether in the higher circles of society, or discharging honorably the duties of more humble spheres ; whether in the forests of Canada, or on the prairies of Wisconsin ; whether in the deserts of Africa, or by the mighty rivers of our southern continent ; whether in India, Australia, New Zealand, or the Islands of the Sea, they are ever loyal to Scotland, ever proud of her renown, and ever jealous of her honor. [Applause.]

Though they may live under more genial skies, and in the midst of fertility and luxuriance, they still cherish, fondly in the innermost recesses of their hearts, the remembrance of a land which, to them, is gilded with sunny memories, and gladdened by pleasant recollections—

Rarer ! fairer ! finer far !

than any other region under heaven. They ever turn to the home of their early youth with fond affection, as the devout Israelite to Mount Zion, and are ever ready to adopt the language and the sentiment of King David, and, standing before high Heaven, say of their native land, as he said of his well-loved city, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" [Lond and prolonged applause.]

Next in order was a toast which always excites a glow of satisfaction in the Scottish mind, as with it are associated so much of the moral and mental culture which constitute the glory of our nation:

Our Schools and Schoolmasters.

Responded to by Mr. ROBERT MENZIES. His reply is here given nearly in the language in which it was delivered. Its many noble sentiments and happy suggestions called up the reminiscences of school-boy days, and reminding us of the endearments of early life:

Mr. President—It was evidence of more than common wisdom and foresight in our ancestors, who, when they had emerged from the darkness broken by the reformation, took measures to plant a school, as well as a church, in every parish of our native land. The independence they had achieved had been won by daring deeds and unexampled heroism, and they were unwilling it should be wrested from their children, or the galling yoke which they had broken to be placed upon the necks of their descendants, a yoke which neither they nor their fathers had been able to bear. They well knew that education, universally diffused, education influenced by the teachings of religion, thus affecting both the head and the heart, was the best safeguard that liberty, civil or religious, could desire. To qualify their children, therefore, to hold fast to those principles, and to maintain that liberty, they saw the necessity of imparting to them the knowledge which would enable them to judge for themselves regarding their relation to both church and State. They established the system of common parish schools, which has been continued to this day, and to which many of us here assembled are indebted for all the intellectual training we in our youth received. [Cheers.]

I stand before you a graduate of a parish school, and if Scotland had no other claim on me, I should deem myself

unworthy of being called her son did I not testify to the care she has ever manifested for the education of her children. And by education I do not mean that profound learning which can only be acquired after years of study, and to promote which, colleges are founded and maintained, but I mean the ability to read and write our common language. The man who can do this is educated—tench him to read, and you give him a key with which he can unlock the exhaustless stores of knowledge. You give him the power to explore the mines of learning, which, but for this, would be as effectually buried as if they lay in the profoundest depths of the ocean. Teach him to read, and he can inform himself as to the history of our world, and of the race; he can become familiar and hold communion with the spirits of the mighty dead, and claim acquaintance with the long list of intellectual giants, whose greatness is the wonder of the world. Teach him to read, and the revelation of God is no longer a sealed book, and the wonderous knowledge it contains becomes his own. We pity the man upon whose sightless eyes the light of Heaven shines in vain, and for whom the beauties of nature are spead out in vain; but he is far more to be pited whose mind has never been illuminated by the light of knowledge, and who is left to grope his way in the darkness of ignorance, through this troubled life. All honor, then, to the men who established, and the nation which perpetuates the parish schools, and brings the light of truth to bear upon the human mind. This Scotland has done, and we cannot tell how much we owe to her for this; it has enabled her to take the place she occupies among the nations of the earth, of which we are so justly proud. It has enabled her sons to distinguish themselves among the "foremost men of the world." It has given us a man, whose name is known in every land—the peasant, ploughman, poet—whose birthday is celebrated with so much pomp and circumstance to-day. [Great applause.]

Nor should we forget the debt of gratitude we owe to those who in youth were at once the objects of our reverence, our fear, and our love—the patient, toiling schoolmaster. Is there a man among us who would not delight to shake that hand, whose power, when armed with the awful *taws*, we feared so much? [Cheers.] Who would not welcome, with peculiar pleasure, the *dominie* who opened to our young minds the mysteries of learning, and led us, step by step, from one degree of knowledge to another? [Applause.] What though he insisted on the Monday's psalm, in the rough

versification of Rouse? What though the "Chief end of man," and the long questions which follow, were impressed upon our memory by the application of something more potent than moral suasion? They conceived it their duty, and we honor them in the discharge of it. The schoolmasters of Scotland were not men of only common attainments. Many of them were learned in all the wisdom of the schools, and from many a humble roof, beside some wimpling burn, or on some grassy hill side, have gone forth young men, prepared to take their places in the best colleges in the land, whose preparatory training in the classics, the sciences, and the arts, was received in the parish school. All honor, then, to the men who founded, the nation which perpetuates, and the worthy men who regulate and conduct, our parish schools.

Permit me to conclude by reading the well known lines of the gifted MOTHERWELL, which will come home, I doubt not, to the hearts of all, and carry them, in memory, to the days when in "life's morning march," they conned the first simple lessons in the parish school, and began to realize the sweet, or maybe the bitter experiences of human life. [Loud and prolonged applause.

Mr. MENZIES concluded his speech by reading "Jeanie Morrison."

The next regular toast was—

The Press of Milwaukee—The generous encouragement which it has extended to our Festival, demands and receives our warmest thanks. Long may it be the friend of genius and the supporter of its productions.

The President, having announced the toast, said there was a Scotch "chiel amang you, taking notes," whom he should call upon to respond to the sentiment. He referred to Gen. RUFUS KING, Editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

Gen. KING, being loudly called for, responded in the following neat and happy speech. Its points were received with great good humor, and the General resumed his seat amidst great applause:

I am admonished, Mr. President, as well by your recent hint, as by the lateness of the hour, that short speeches are now the order of the evening. There is but one theme, sir, that on this occasion may rightfully claim all thoughts and tongues, and that is, ROBERT BURNS! But I must leave it to other and abler tongues, to a livelier fancy, or a happier

inspiration, to do justice to the name and fame, the memory and the story, of this Poet of the people.

In listening, to-night, to the long catalogue of Scottish worthies, to the illustrious roll-call of her statesmen and warriors, her philosophers and poets, her merchants and mechanics, I have been struck with one singular omission. We have heard nothing, sir, about the *financiers* of Scotland, and yet history assigns them a prominent place in her records. It was to Scotland that France was indebted for early instruction in the mysteries of excessive credit and unlimited paper money, under the tuition of LAW; and not a few of my hearers, sir, can bear witness to the fact that Wisconsin and the north-west took their first lessons in the same school from two canny Scotchmen. [Great laughter.]

Mr. President, while drinking in, with willing ears, all that has been said in praise of Scotland—the glowing descriptions of her fertile vales and romantic highlands, her honest men and bonnie lasses—I have wondered a little at meeting here, to-night, in this distant western land, four thousand miles away from the country of their birth, a hundred and fifty Scotchmen. And I was irresistibly led to the same conclusion which the distinguished Senator from Illinois, (Mr. DOUGLAS,) once expressed, in regard to *his* birthplace, Vermont, that Scotland must be an excellent place to *emigrate from*. But, sir, no doubt our Scottish brethren came here, as certain German ladies came to England with KING GEORGE, "*for all our goots.*" For one, sir, I extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and I give, as my opinion of them, this sentiment:

The Scotchmen in Wisconsin.— Worthy sons of the soil from which they sprung—loyal citizens of the land of their adoption.

The last regular toast was given by the President:

The Lasses.

This sentiment, which always elicits the warmest demonstrations, did not fail, on this occasion, to rouse all the gallant feeling and tender enthusiasm of our countrymen, and rising spontaneously to their feet, they made the ceiling resound with hurrahs repeated and repeated.

Responded to by Mr. ARCHIBALD FREW in the following chivalrous language:

Mr. Chairman—I feel very much gratified, indeed, that to me has been assigned the pleasing privilege of responding

to the toast now given, and received with such warm approbation. Such an enthusiastic reception is a sure indication that this large and intelligent assembly properly appreciate woman's worth; and well does she deserve all the honor we can bestow upon her. What would this world be without the moral influence exercised by woman? What would our sons and daughters become but for the instruction given and the example set them by their mothers.

Who has not experienced a mother's love, when upon a bed of sickness she comforted and supported us? She complained not—was never weary. Day and night she was ever ready at our call to render us assistance; her only anxiety being for the wellfare of the sufferer. Maternal love is there exhibited in its brightest character.

We have also the fond affection of the sister, whose anxious solicitations for our wellfare are second only to a mother's.

Another example of woman's mission is beautifully defined by the wife. When trials and misfortunes gather around her husband, her love grows all the stronger; and, as a true friend, she pours the balm of consolation into his soul, which nerves him to withstand the coldness and neglect of the world.

Poets, in all ages, have sung the praises of woman. Foremost among these is Robert Burns. We see him on the banks of Ayr parting with his Highland Mary—alas! never more to meet her in this world. But even death was not able to obliterate the recollection of his attachment, for years afterward he wrote these touching lines:

> When mouldering now in silent dust,
> That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
> But still within my bosom's core,
> Shall live my Highland Mary.

These words show the depth of love that animated the Poet's heart. If ever one knew the true nature of woman, 'twas Burns. His poems and songs are full of endearing sentiments towards her, and those who never felt her sweet influence he addresses thus:

> For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
> Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
> The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
> He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Let us now look, for a moment, at his own household, under the care and management of bonnie Jean Armour. We find, in her, the affectionate, prudent wife, and the dutiful, pious mother. She reared her family under difficulties

of no ordinary character. When her noble husband was about passing from the scenes of earth, there was the partner of his existence, day and night, sustaining and comforting him, when all the world seemed cold and indifferent to his fate. And, after the grave closed over his mortal part, amidst poverty and trial, she proceeded to provide for and educate a numerous family; and the best evidence of her qualities, as a mother, is in the high and honorable position that the sons of BURNS now occupy.

But, coming to this side of the Atlantic, we look with veneration upon the mother of WASHINGTON, who embued his youth with a love of truth that made him the man amongst the great men of his day, and has given him an undying memory in the hearts of his countrymen.

But it is needless for me to enlarge on the virtues of female character. Philosophers, men of science, historians, poets, statesmen, all agree as to its dignity and influence, and you have, this evening, endorsed this unanimous verdict, by the enthusiastic manner in which you received the toast. I thank you, therefore, in the name of the ladies, and hope the "lasses" of Milwaukee will not think us Scotchmen have a wrong conception of woman's worth, although they have not been permitted to lend their smiles to the festivities of this joyous occasion. [Applause.]

The Quartette then sung "Green Grow the Rashes O!"

A sentiment which had been forwarded by the Burns' Club of Detroit was then read. It was as follows:

Burns—the genial and patriotic Poet of Scotland—who, by the devotion of his genius to his country and countrymen, best illustrated man's power to serve humanity.

After which three rousing cheers were given for the Burns' Club of Detroit.

Letters of apology were then read, received from the Hon. A. G. MILLER, Lieut. Gov. R. D. CAMPBELL, and Col. CHAS. D. ROBINSON, the latter of whom enclosed the following sentiment:

Scotch Poetry and Scotch Men—Well adapted for transplanting, they are no longer exotics among American literature and Americans.

Mr. J. R. LIVINGSTON communicated the following poetical explanation of his absence, the reading of which was frequently interrupted by roars of laughter:

I pardon crave for my presumption,
It may be is the want o' gumption,
That gars a silly gowk like me,
Intrude upon your company.
I canna meet wi' you mysel',
But send you this to wish you well
That you may hae a happy night,
I truly wish wi' a' my might.

A sick wee bairn at hame compels
My Jo an' me to watch by spells,
Baith thro' the day an' thro' the night,
To see that he is car'd for right.
The author o' this poor epistle
Vows wi' himsel' ta wet his whistle.
Whaur is the Scotchman ? whaur, that spurns
The memory of ROBERT BURNS ?

The cause for which you've met is guid ;
I like to see auld Scotland's bluid
Arouse, in honor o' her son,
Wha fairly has the battle won.
He focht wi' neither dirk nor sword,
But by the pithy weight o' word,
He gar'd the roguish stan' aboot,
An' lugs o' lords wad even cloot.

He had his faults—but what o' that ?
Whaur is the man can lift his hat,
And glow'r his conscience i' the face,
An' swear he ne'er did it disgrace ?
The things he did, I canna tell ;
Indeed, he kenn'd na a' himsel'
He kenn'd na how his random jots
Wad warm the hearts o' brither Scots.

I hope that every Scottish chiel'
Within his bosom pride may feel,
Whene'r again the day returns,
To celebrate the birth of BURNS.
His memory I dinna doot
You've swallowed roun' and roun' aboot ;
Whan neist you whamle the decanter,
Drink ta his hero—*Tam o' Shanter.*

I hope in chorus you will chime,
In pardon of this simple rhyme ;
I am no Poet—when I'm gone
I will be a dead—

LIVINGSTON(E).

The regular programme having now been concluded, the Chair invited all present to contribute with song, sentiment and fun to the enjoyment and hilarity of the evening. Never was an invitation more spontaneously and successfully respond-

ed to. It would be impossible to transfer to paper the vivid sallies of wit and repartee which ensued. Songs, speeches, stories and recitations alternated in rapid succession during the remainder of the evening. Recollections of our native land, and of the days of auld lang syne, were idealized in many an endearing thought and expression, to which the pen can do but the faintest justice. The most we can hope to accomplish is to give a bare outline, which we must leave the imagination to fill up.

The following volunteer toast was sent to and read by the Chair :

Colin Campbell—A giant among soldier's giants. When he leads, then Scotchmen will follow.

This allusion to the hero of the age was greeted with tremendous plaudits, evincing the pride entertained by the gallant Scotch for their illustrious countryman.

Mr. Colin Campbell, of Milwaukee, was called upon to respond. In doing so, he paid a glowing compliment to Sir Colin's qualities as a soldier, and eulogized his achievements in the Crimea, but expressed a want of sympathy in his mission to India, which drew forth some symptoms of displeasure, restraining him from proceeding for a moment. His right to free speech having been conceded, he closed without further interruption, though all present seemed to believe his allusion unfortunate.

Mr. David Johnston, of Waukesha, then gave,

Ireland—the Land of Song—all honor to her patriots, orators and poets.

Dr. James Johnson responded in behalf of his country, with a great deal of native humor :

Mr. President—I am very glad to be present with you this evening, as it is one of the pleasantest nights I ever spent in my life. At the same time, I feel disappointed at the manner in which Scotland has been spoken of, inasmuch as I will have no trouble at all to make it appear that the Scotch were, as a nation, indebted for their very existence to Ireland. In the first place, I would give the company to understand, that the distance between the two countries is so

short—less than half way across Lake Michigan—that' standing on the coast of Antrim, the clothes drying on the Scothish shore could be easily discerned. [Laughter.] Besides, there are good reasons for supposing that BURNS was an Irishman, because he frequently used the words, "ochone!" which rhymed with "Widow Malone." [Great laughter.] He said the Scotch all descended from the Irish, and he was proud of his descendants. The first Scotch king was an Irishman. [Continued laughter.] The Scotch whisky is a poor imitation of the Irish article. [Roars of laughter.]

He continued in a mirth-provoking strain, and closed with the following:

To the Memory of Thomas Moore, the Bard of Ireland.

Drank standing and in silence.

The Chair here called upon the Vice-President for a few remarks.

Judge MCARTHUR replied, in a very humorous style, nearly as follows:

Mr. President—I find I have been making a great mistake with regard to my nationality, as I had always supposed, until I heard my friend, the Doctor, that I was a Scotchman, and that I was, in point of fact, born in my native country. [Laughter.] I never knew before that I was an Irishman, or the son of an Irishman. [Laughter.] I have to thank the Doctor for disabusing my mind of this national heresy, and I am now satisfied that BURNS wrote "Widow Machree," and that TOM MOORE was the author of "Scots Wha Hae." [Cheers and laughter.] I am also convinced that the Grampians emigrated from Ireland—[laughter]—that Loch Lomond came from Killarney—[renewed laughter]—and that the Solway used to be a small tributary of the Liffey. I am also convinced that my friend, the Doctor, is a Scotchman. Look at his head and be convinced! [Roars of Laughter.] It would be known anywhere as a sprout of the Grampians. [Continued laughter.] But if my head, shorn of its ambrosial locks, should be seen peeping above the waters of the Shannon, everybody there would be found, like my friend, the Doctor, swearing that I was an Irish salmon. [Great laughter.] But, while I conced that TOM MOORE might *possibly* have written "Willie Brew'd a' Peck o' Maut," upon reflection, I retract my concession, that anybody, in the wide world, but a true Scot, like ROBERT BURNS, could have written "Scots Wha Hae," the

greatest national ode in the records of time. [Cheers.] But, Mr. Chairman, in order to vindicate my own nativity, I am ready to depone, that neither my father, nor my mother, nor any of my ancestors, back to the period of the Roman wall, ever gazed upon the green verdure of the Irish sod. I, however, hope that both my friend, the Doctor, and myself, and the two nationalities to which we belong, will ever be found uniting in the appreciation of true genius, whether it comes from one or the other of the sister isles. I beg to conclude by reminding you that our countrymen in Chicago are celebrating the day with extraordinary demonstrations and enthusiasm. I will, therefore, give you :

Our Chicago friends, and their representative, Dr. Leib.

Dr. Charles Leib, of Chicago, being loudly called for, responded as follows :

Mr. President—I am somewhat surprised to learn that I am a Scotchman, and the representative of the Scotchmen of Chicago. Until now, I supposed myself a "Pennsylvania Dutchman." [Roars of laughter.—Judge McArthur put on a broad grin at this mistake, (unintentional, on his part, of course,) and said it was a mistake of the printers.] I thank my friend, Judge McArthur, for the complimentary manner in which he has been pleased to speak of the home of my adoption—one of twin cities of the Lake.

It has been said by some of our oldest inhabitans, that what is now the heart of Chicago, was not much more than a quarter of a century ago a mere quag mire ; fit only for the abode of musquitoes, tad-poles and bull-frogs. [Loud laughter.] But such is not the case now, for scarcely had the red man turned his back upon Fort Dearborn, and read his doom in the setting sun, than following upon his footsteps, came the men of New England, the descendants of the brave hearts, who came here to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty ; who, with one hand led their youth along the path of science, and with the other pointed them to a home beyond the sky. They founded a city, and by their indomitable will and determination of purpose, have made it one of the most important commercial points in the north-west.

As a Chicagoian, I am proud of it, for it is, indeed, a great city. It is great in the intelligence and enterprise of its people ; great as to its geographical position, and great as the railroad centre of the north-west, and the very heart of Illinois, for from it go, in every direction, the arteries, and

nerves, the veins, and sinews, which have been the means of its development—the development of its agricultural and mineral resources.

Almost every nation and every tongue is represented in Chicago. Among our most successful business, as well as professional men, there are many who first saw the light of day upon the other side of old ocean. It may be at this moment, Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen, resident in Chicago, are listening to words of living, breathing, moving eloquence, to flowers of rhetoric and figures of speech, which are falling like lightning from the mountain cloud, from the lips of a McComas, as he dwells with earnestness upon the gems of thought given the world by the immortal Bard, whose birthday we have met to celebrate, and which stamped him as the greatest of modern poets. [Cheers.]

Scotchmen! the fame of Robert Burns belongs not to your country alone. Wherever the English language is spoken—wherever that beautiful poem, the "Cottar's Saturday Night," (so eloquently referred to by Judge McArthur) has been read, a monument has been erected to his memory in the hearts of the lowly and the noble, more lasting than if erected by the hands of man.

Burns was, indeed, the people's Poet. He loved the right and hated the wrong, and to-day a halo of glory surrounds his name, brighter far than that which surrounds the names of the proudest monarchs, whose names grace the golden page of their country's history. What Schiller was to Germany, what Shakspear was to England, was Robert Burns to Scotland. [Applause.]

Though I am from Pennsylvania, the land of peace, whose settlement was followed by no stream of blood, and from that part of the State where it is said we cannot see English after four o'clock,—[laughter]—and where the people are still voting for General Jackson—[renewed laughter]—there are none among you who revere the memory more, or admire the genius of Burns, than myself, and I have but to regret that Robert Burns was not a *Pennsylvania Dutchman*, and Saint Patrick also. [Roars of laughter.]

I love, sir, the mountains and valleys of my native State, even as you love your highlands and lowlands; but, while your highlands still stand proudly erect, monuments of the Creator's greatness, our Alleghanies have given way before the spirit of the age; the pack horse and the Conestaga team have been succeeded by the canal and the railroad, and it may be that at this moment the wild shriek of the iron horse

is heard as he rushes across the Alleghanies, in the greatness of his strength and power, bearing to market the products of our soil, and the black diamonds of our bleak and rugged mountains, while the people of our towns and villages are led to paths of industry by a cloud by day, and a pillow of fire by night. But, Mr. President, I find I am making a speech, and will stop. Permit me, however, to say that I am greatly gratified to see the good feeling that prevails here, and to express the sincere hope that the "Stars and Strips," and the "Union Jack," may ever be as closely united as they are to-night in this hall. It caused my heart to rejoice when I witnessed the enthusiasm with which you responded to the "Star Spangled Banner;" and as you love to see the flags of the two most powerful nations of the civilized world hanging together in union, so do you love the Constitution of our country, framed by the best and wisest men of the day in which they lived. Aye, and you love the Union of these States, cemented by the blood of the patriots of the Revolution. You love it, because you feel—

'Tis a union of lakes, 'tis a union of lands,
'Tis a union of States none can sever,
'Tis a union of hearts, 'tis a union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.

Permit me in conclusion, sir, to give:

Scotland—She has furnished Wisconsin with a Lieut. Governor, may she soon furnish her with a Governor.

Judge HUBBELL said it was conclusive, when Judge McARTHUR mistook a Pennsylvania Dutchman for a Scotchman, that he himself must be an Irishman.

Whereupon, Judge McARTHUR retorted, that to show that it was simply a *mistake* and not a *blunder*, he would now call upon the City Attorney, Mr. GEORGE A. WOODWARD, well known to be a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

This brought Mr. WOODWARD to his feet, who proceeded to address the assembly in the following eloquent strain:

Mr. President—I came here to listen, not to speak. I never dreamed that, among so gallant an array of poets, orators and wits, so humble an individual as myself could possibly attract your notice, or be called upon to occupy any portion of your time. I scarcely know what I can say, unless it be to thank you for the privilege of participating with you in the festivities of this occasion. To me it has,

indeed, been one of unalloyed pleasure and enjoyment. I must confess too, Mr. President, that what I have witnessed to-night has unfolded to me a phase of Scottish character of which I have been hitherto unaware. I have heard Scotchmen characterized as frugal, thrifty, pious, and all that, but never before to-night did I know that they were *jolly* too. Why, sir, if the Poet could have looked in upon this scene to-night, although it might not suggest to him the "*storied urn*," I certainly think that he could not fail to characterize it as an "*animated bust*."

But, Mr. President, to speak more seriously, before I close I wish to express my heartfelt sympathy with your celebration of this occasion. It is, indeed, sir, a delightful sight to witness men of all nations and kindred thus uniting with the Sons of Scotland to honor the memory of BURNS. It is true that, as Scotchmen, you have a peculiar right to cherish an affectionate remembrance of your nation's Bard, for, in your hearts, his numbers wake recollections of the "auld lang syne" in Fatherland; but we, whose lineage comes from other sources, also claim a property in BURNS—our hearts, as well as yours, have often echoed responsively the simple strains of the sweet-toned lyre, and we, almost as jealously as you, delight to do him honor. Well may we say of him, as the eloquent PHILLIPS has said of one greater than he, "It matters very little, sir, what immediate spot may be the birth place of such a man—no country can claim, no people can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity and his residence creation."]Applause.]

There is, Mr. President, a moral significance in this occasion, to which I must briefly allude. One hundred years ago to-night, ROBERT BURNS was born a poor peasant boy, among the Ayrshire hills. Little thought the humble people who stood around his craddle, that before he departed the life upon which he was then so inauspiciously entering, he should achieve a fame which would fill the civilized world. But such a fame he did achieve, and to-night, a century from his birth, all over this new world his name is flashing along the electric wires, freighted with sentiments of endearment and of honor, evoking affectionate responces from thousands of hearts. Let the sons of poverty and toil, struggling with "those twin jailers of the daring heart—low birth and iron fortune"—hail his example as the Star in the East, guiding them to their redemption. Let them never forget those words of BURNS, as full of truth as of poetry:

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.

Mr. President, to conclude, I give you:

The good St. Andrew—First chosen of the Apostolic band—let us imitate his life and emulate his virtues, although we may not be compelled to bear his cross, we yet may wear his crown.

On concluding, Mr. WOODWARD took his seat amidst deafening cheers.

"Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" was then sung in fine flowing style.

At this period, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious." The anecdotes were told with increasing zest, and hearty laughter rewarded every effort at amusement. The songs were sung with redoubled fervor, while all voices united in the choruses, and happiness and joy reigned supreme and sovereign.

Gen. RUFUS KING, who, though born in America, claims that his veins are "chuck full" of Scotch blood, gave the following patriotic toast:

The Memory of two Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Scotchmen—John Witherspoon and George Wilson.

Drank standing.

Mr. JAMES KERR presented the following very appropriate sentiment:

While to Scotland's Poet we offer the unaffected tribute of our hearts, we would not forget to honor Tannahill, Ramsay, Scott, Hogg, and other kindred Scottish Bards.

This was acknowledged by Mr. WHITE, of Kenosha, in a few remarks and reciting SCOTT'S beautiful ballad of "Young Lochinvar."

Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL recited the "Auld Sark Sleeve;" "Hohenlinden" was given by Mr. ALEX. BROWN; while Mr. DAVID JOHNSTON brought down the house with "Simon and Janet." Among the songs given were "Annie Laurie," by Mr. JAMES WARDROBE; "Bonnie Doon," by Mr. GOLDIE; "Craigie Lee," by the Quartette; and "Nae Luck About the House," by the entire company.

Dr. LEIB being called upon for a song, gave "Red, White and Blue," the chorus bringing every voice into action.

By Mr. A. C. MURISON:

The Bar of Milwaukee.

Mr. BUTTRICK, on behalf of the legal profession, was called upon, and closed an admirable speech by saying if he had not been born in America he would have been proud to be a Scotchman.

The Chair now announced that he was about to call on an old and respected citizen, who was well known to all present—Mr. JAMES MURRAY.

Mr. MURRAY, being loudly called for, rose, and with a few remarks, said that he would give as a toast—

Milwaukee and its Bay—

To which Prof. DORWARD has something to say.

Prof. B. I. DORWARD then read the following beautiful and original Poem:

MILWAUKEE BAY.

Let Naples boast her azure bay,
Or Bengal, 'neath perpetual noon;
Let Mormon Turks, with opium drug'd,
Snore to the waves of Scanderoon.
For wild Biscay I do not care;
Or strands remote, however gay—
Let me but live beside the fair
And beautiful Milwaukee Bay.
Milwaukee Bay! Milwaukee Bay!
Now gleaming in the eye of day;
By sun, or moon, or starlight ray,
I love thee, fair Milwaukee Bay.

'Twas love that form'd Milwaukee Bay—
The earth, enamored of the wave,
Stretched forth her dusky arms afar,
And won, and kept her lover brave.
'Tis love that bids the waters lave,
And kiss the shore with starry spray,
And murmured music evermore—
For love, I praise Milwaukee Bay!
Milwaukee Bay! Milwaukee Bay! &c.

For haply at her window now,
A lady sits of soul so true;
Love in her heart, peace on her brow,
And purer than the morning dew.
Perhaps she sings the song I love;

Perhaps her eyes now eastward stray—
Her voice is like the turtle dove;
Her eyes—they shame Milwaukee Bay!
Milwaukee Bay! Milwaukee Bay! &c.

Ah! what is wealth, or power, or fame,
Without the healing joys of home?
For these, we stem the stormy wave;
For these, to distant lands we roam.
Then, as our keel glides thro' the deep,
This song shall cheer us on our way:
We sing the joys of steadfast love—
We sing of fair Milwaukee Bay!
Milwaukee Bay! Milwaukee Bay! &c.

Dr. JAMES JOHNSON now called attention to the following sentiment:

Washington.

Which was received by the whole company standing and in silence.

Judge MCARTHUR then rose and spoke as follows:

Mr. President—I rise again to engage your attention for a moment, at the request of many friends around me, in order to secure for the name of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL the expression of our united admiration, and the pride we feel in his brilliant and heroic life. [This was received with great applause, and the speaker proceeded.] The response which has already been made to the toast, in honor of the brave, old soldier, although, in other respects, both appropriate and eloquent, failed, I believe, to meet our just expectations, when the gentleman who made it, expressed a want of sympathy for his present mission to India. Now, sir, I think that we have an intense feeling of joy for that mission, and that our hearts and feelings are entirely with him. [Applause.] Who among us has not wept at the sufferings and the sad fate of the European residents in India; who tell the victims of Sepoy treachery and brutality? Whose blood, sir, has not boiled at the recital of the inexpressible cruelties inflicted upon women and children? And who but has joined in the glow of satisfaction when brave men avenged these wrongs, and restored peace, safety and protection to our blood and lineage? And who has been more conspicuous in these glorious results than our own gallant countrymen, with brave, old Sir COLIN at their head? Noble old hero! We remember him when, with his Highland brigade, he was foremost in storming the heights of Alma, and, in the enthusiastic moment of success, shouting "none but Highland bonnets here;" or, when the ammunition of his soldiers was

exhausted, with the quickness of his nature, he roared out "give them the bayonet men;" or, when at Balaklava, he and his unquailing "thin red line" routed the charge of Russian cavalry, saying he "didna think it worth while to order his lads more than twa deep to give the enemy a bellyful;" or, when he rushed like a thunderbolt upon the closing scenes at the ghastly field of Inkermann; or, when he took the Redan, without a blow, as if his very name had compelled the Russian, brave as he was, to retreat before the invincible assault of his claymore; or, when on a notice of twenty-four hours, he started for the conquest of the Indian Empire, leaving orders for his beloved brigade to follow by the most expeditious steam routes; or, when at length we have traced him in his Eastern campaigns, and read the Gazette teeming with his victories, and beheld the Orient nearly submitting to a repose which had been conquered not, more by the valor than by the wisdom of his genius. In all these, we have honored and gloried in Sir COLIN CAMPBELL. [Enthusiastic applause.]

I feel a peculiar pride in the grand, old hero, for he is from Glasgow, my native city. His glory is intensely gratifying to his townsmen. The magistrates and citizens of Glasgow have given substantial evidence of this, for they have showered upon him every civic honor, and complimented him with the present of a magnificent sword. No city in the British Empire has furnished the army with more intrepid soldiers. The hero of Corunna, who sleeps "with his martial cloak around him," was born and bred within its precincts, and the volunteers she raised were conspicuous in the Peninsular battles, from Vimiera to Waterloo. In the celebrated conflict, at Fuentes de Onora, where WELLINGTON defeated MASSENA, one of the Glasgow regiments was directed to dislodge the enemy from a passage leading to the village. It was an avenue lined on each side with trees and shrubbery, and sloped gently towards the town. It bore a resemblance to one of the most celebrated thoroughfares in their native city, and Col. CADOGAN, who saw the likeness with his quick eye, placed himself at the head of his men, exclaiming loudly his enthusiastic call, "charge the b——s down the Gallowgate." [Great laughter.] The result was, that every Glasgow man came out at the other end of the lane with a Frenchman dangling on his bayonet. [Renewed laughter.] I will only say one word more regarding that city, which is, that she has also given the most convincing proof of her taste for the arts of peace, for science, for philosophy, and for literature.

But, sir, to return to Sir COLIN. I believe he is engaged in a work of substantial justice. He is not only suppressing lawlessness, cruelty and rapine, but he is teaching semi-barbarism the superior value of knowledge. Nations, like children, have to be whipped into improvement, and I believe it is the mission of Great Britain and America to spread their spendid civilization over the effete nations of the earth, and that the sword may be, under Providence, a means employed in the great work. It is not until communities have passed through seas of blood, and been swept by the storms of adversity, and purified by the discipline of experience, that they become capable of self-government. Then the soldier may lay down his sword, and the masses, left to their own direction, will assume their true position. Men like Sir COLIN, are schoolmasters abroad on a grand scale, giving rough lessons undoubtedly, but still the only ones that can tell upon the materialism of Asiatic life. He is literally instructing the young idea how to fire. Let him go on. Let him batter down the walls of India—batter down the walls of China—batter down the walls of Japan ; yes, sir, batter down everybody's walls which exclude the light and civilization of the nineteenth century. [Great applause.] These are my sentiments, and I now close by calling three cheers for Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, the hero of the age.

Three tremendous cheers were rung out, and when the noise had subsided,

Mr. SHIELLS mounted the rostrum and read the following stirring and appropriate Poem :

Highland lads are brisk and bauld ;
Highland mettle ne'er gets cauld ;
Highland spunk 's no easy fleyed ;
Highland dunts are ill to bide ;
Highland swords are keen and sharp ;
Highland hands make awfu' wark—
Hence the cry, when danger 's near,
Gie 's "nane but Highland bonnets here."

Be 't peaceful sport, or battle fray,
It makes nae odds, they 're foremost aye.
Wicht and stark, and true as steel,
Highland lads are kenned fu' weel.
On many a bloody field of fame,
They 've impressed their country's name.
Who leads the charge need never fear,
Wi' "nane but Highland bonnets here."

Often has it roused our pride
To hear how Abercrombie died;
And how Corunna's fatal shore
Was baptised with the blood of Moore;
How Quatre Bras and Waterloo,
The echoes of the pibroch knew,
The bravest foe confessed a peer,
Wi' "nane but Highland bonnets here."

Nor does their ancient spirit flag,
For lyart veterans yet will brag,
How—at the Alma's famous fight—
They crossed the river, scaled the height,
And never faltered—not a man,
When Colin Campbell led the van;
But answered with a Highland cheer,
"Gie 's nane but Highland bonnets here!"

Even here, by Mississippi's strand,
We glory in our Fatherland.
Surrounded by the fremit folk,
We feel the fiery words he spoke;
And, till we 're fairly fit to greet,
The stirring slogan we repeat,
(It's pride, not grief, that brings the tear,)
"Gie 's nane but Highland bonnets here!"

Sentiments, complimentary to the Officers of the meeting, together with the Committee of Arrangements, and, also, to Mr. R. Menzies, were all given with three times three, and "He 's a Right Good Fellow."

The splendid entertainment provided by Messrs. Kean & Rice, of the Newhall, and the ample accommodations which they had furnished for the occasion, drew forth, as they deserved, the highest encomiums and cheers when toasted.

In accordance with the simple, but touching custom of all Scotch social gatherings, the whole company now stood up, and, joining hands around the tables, united in that song which Burns wrote, not for Scotland alone, but for the whole world—"Auld Lang Syne."

THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

The following anonymous Poem was sent to the Secretary of the Burns' Club, as a contribution to the Centennial Festival, and is now published with the proceedings :

One hundred years ago this night,
Auld Scotia busk'd in snawy white,
Her sparkin' een, like maiden's bright
In youthfu' bloom,
Summon'd a' the Choirs of Light
To bonnie Doon.

Celestial fires were kindled on
Olympus, and Mount Helicon,
And minstrelsy before ne'er known
To sons of earth,
Resounded sweet from zone to zone
At Burns' birth.

The Sacred Nine, and Loves, and Graces,
Frae a' the world, wi' smiling faces,
To Coila came, an' took their places
To wait the word,
To kiss and press in fond embraces
The infant Bard.

Auld Scotia stood wi' queenly grace,
Wi' ne'er a wrinkle in her face.
A picture o' true happiness
Waiting her turn ;
Then in an ecstacy of bliss
She clasped the bairn.

With soul elate, she to the skies
Presented him ; while holy joys
Her bosom swell'd, she thankful cries
"My prayer is heard :
Great Jove ! in glory's fount baptise
Fair Scotland's Bard."

Nae mair my heart wi' sorrow wrung
Shall weep, my harp untun'd, unstrung ;
My woods and streams they shall be sung,
And Scotland's praise
In every land, by every tongue,
In Burns' lays.

She bade her nymphs a feast prepare,
A banquet for the gods to share,
O' Scotland's richest, choicest fare,
A large supply ;
An' whiskey guid to drown dull care
An' heighten joy.

Let whiskey rin like stream Permenses
Frae haggis' base as big 's Parnassus,
Alang its banks spread beds o' rashes
In bowers o' green,
Whar gods can drink and kiss the graces,
An' no be seen.

Cooks, bakers, butlers aid repair
Sir Bardie's blythmeat to prepare ;
A feast o' fat things rich and rare,
An' whiskey toddy—
The king o' drinks—to drive dull care
E'en frae a godie.

The gods arrived in splendor bright,
Almost eclipsing Luna's light :
Their sacred haunts they left that night
Without a guard,
To share in Scotia's great delight
An' crown the Bard.

Apollo said, (as deity
And president of minstrelsy)
" Thou 'rt born to immortality !
In every clime
Thy birth ! a festival shall be
Till end o' Time."

The blessing given—with joyous faces,
Link'd arm in arm, the gods and graces,
To banquet hall, wi' merry paces,
An' mony a smack,
Did haste to their respective places
To joke and crack.

On Haggis guid, plate after plate
They did their stomachs satiate ;
Then " Islay pure " did circulate,
An' wit an' mirth :
The gods did thus inaugurate
Great Burns' birth.

An' now weel plied wi' temptin' toddies
Till winkin' fou, these jolly godies
Had feelings maist like human bodies ;
An' ilka kiss
That crackin' fell on Muse's gabies
Bespak' their bliss.

The bagpipes skirl, an' fiddlestring
Made Scotland's hills and valleys ring ;
The graces danced the Highland Fling,
An' nane could see
Their fairy leg's elastic spring
Wi' sinless e'e.

The gods themsel's were fascinated,
Yes! some that ne'er had dissipated,
Wi' love and drink were sae inflated,
They 'd sell their power
To be wi' nymphs or gracie mated
A short half hour.

They kissed, they clasp'd, an' romp'd an' ranted,
An' skip'd, an' danc'd their heart's contented,
Till god and goddess gasp'd and panted;
And then to rest
They sought the shady bowers enchanted
On love to feast.

The morning Herald's trumpet tone
Apprised the gods the night had flown;
So rank an' file around the throne
Where Scotia sat,
"They pledg'd her an' her Poet son
In sparkling maut."

They toasted Scotland's honored name,
Exalted by her Bardie's fame,
Written by Jove on glory's fane
Above the sky!
In splendor bright as when they came
They bade good bye.

Great Burns! thy Birth we celebrate,
Thy peerless name commemorate!
Thy name afresh we 'll consecrate;
We 'll set apart
For thee this night, the chair of state
In every heart.

The Committee, since they commenced the preparation of this Report of the Centennary in their own city, have witnessed, with unmingled satisfaction, the enthusiasm with which the memorable day has been hailed and celebrated throughout the sister cities of their adopted land, and the cordiality with which all dialects of a common language have blended their accents in honor of the Scottish Chief of Scotland's Poets.

Forever with the day of his nativity, when powers of the earth are dust, and lone atoms of scepters or swords point to unrecorded sepulchres—forever shall be recollected the unlost

shrines of his Birth and Burial Place. His muse can be claimed by no foreign lineage, nor time steal His renown from Scotland. Wherever they meet on earth shall the Saxon say to the Scot "he was born of your blood on our Mother Island, and sang from the sweet banks of Ayr, his glorious theme in both our tongues." We, too, at least may guard his tomb.

It only remains for the Committee to thank all those who have assisted them by examining the proofs of speeches and poems, and generally, everybody, for all kinds of good feeling and good natured attentions.

The Milwaukee *Daily News*, in speaking of the Centennary, and of those who aided in the festive ceremonies of the occasion, thus says:

Among the pleasant results arising from the gathering at the Newhall House, on the 25th, was the evidence it afforded of the skill and taste of our fellow citizens, who hail from Scotland. On the wall, at each side of the President, hung paintings, representing the Birth and Burial Places of BURNS, the handiwork of Mr. ANDREW KERR, and, although gotten up in a great hurry, they certainly proved him no common artist. Behind the chair were portraits of the Bard, beautifully wreathed with evergreens and flowers, conspicuous among which was the "wee modest, crimson tipped flower," the daisy, arranged by the hands of Messrs. DUNLAP and HISLOP, well known to the lovers of the floral beauties of nature, as gardeners and florists. On the table, Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN displayed his taste, the ornaments he produced being appropriate, and very much admired; while before each guest was the Bill of Fare, printed in colors and bronze, elegantly designed and finely finished by Messrs. ANDREW C. MURISON and JAMES KERR, both working in our Job Room, and which, as a specimen of art, reflects the greatest credit upon those gentlemen. These are all Scotchmen, and around the table were many mechanics, who are to be found in all our work-

shops, and many of them contributed, in no small degree, to the pleasure of the occasion. It was mechanics who read the poems, made several speeches, and sang many of the songs; and nowhere was the day celebrated, where *outside aid* was less called upon. One little town, Montrose, in Forfarshire, produced a Poet, a Painter, a Printer, and the only one present wearing the Highland costume; and it was established, beyond a doubt, that Scotland can furnish the material, in our city, for getting up a celebration which compares favorably with any, the proceedings of which have reached us.

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